

THE NATIONAL 50¢

# NEWS EXTRA

VOLUME 13, NUMBER 18

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War Threatened

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By News Extra International Staff

## This Scam Stinks, But It Works

**SAN FRANCISCO**—Police here are on the lookout for a smelly, fat, hair-crusted scam artist who has been plaguing shop owners for the past 2 1/2 years.

Described as "at least a 1,000 years old" and weighing close to 400 pounds, she works a regular route in the Mission District and extorts cash from clerks.

"The first time I saw her, I almost threw up," said grocer Henry Pratt. "She comes in now and demands I give her a dollar."

"I told her to beat it—no and fast. She wouldn't budge, though. 'Then, all of a sudden, she started taking off her clothes. When I saw her back-cuts, scabby breasts, I fainted. I took a fistful of change from the register and threw it at her.'"

"She picked it all up and left quietly. The woman returns about once every four months on what must be a regular route," he said. Now, he knows to reveal what she wants.

"I couldn't stand to see that filthy body," said.

WAY YOU WALK, COULD  
SEND YOU TO JAIL

**COPENHAGEN**—Police here have a unique way of picking out prostitutes from a bunch of women: They just watch how they walk.

But the first woman picked up on such evidence was far wiser.

"This is ridiculous," she said. "If police can judge from a girl's way of walking whether she's out to make business, then they should arrest a lot of ladies all over town."

Nevertheless, the judge disagreed.

He fined her \$156.

## PRICE OF BEAVER PLUNGES

**BEAVER DAM, Wis.**—The bottom has fallen out of the beaver market in the southern part of this state.

The price for canned beaver meat has dropped 84 per cent and the price of tail has gone down 84 per cent over since the giant, 26-oz. beaver that was plugging this town was shot and canned.

Several local beaver canneries are on the brink of financial ruin as a result.

## SHE ONLY HAS EYES FOR COW DUNG

**IRIO HUFF, Calif.**—A local housewife has been keeping a close watch on the family cow ever since she hand-fed the animal one month ago, and it rewarded her with a love affair.

Each morning, Mrs. Shure, could make a close check of cow droppings from the day before to see if the ring has worked itself through. So far, it hasn't.

## QUICK-WITTED LADY OF THE NIGHT

**ALBUQUERQUE, N.M.**—A local prostitute found herself in real trouble here recently when she agreed to perform a sex act for \$30 and then learned her "john" was a policeman.

But the quick-witted lady of the night reacted by swatting the officer's \$30 bill after fighting the policeman off.

She now has been charged with battery, resisting arrest and prostitution. She should have stopped when she was asked.

## DUCHESS FINDS HER RAPIST 26 YEARS LATER

**LONDON, England**—31 took 26 years for the man who raped the French-born Duchess of Bedford to admit to his crime, but he finally has come forward.

The fugitive wears the British peer a fan letter in praise of her new autobiography, entitled "Nicola Nobody."

In the book, the 55-year-old duchess gives a description of the rape, which occurred in 1948.

She says that the man forced his way through her door, assaulted her and raped three days. Rape is "an awakening that every woman should experience," she now claims.

## EXPLORERS LOST, BUT NO NEED TO WORRY

**IRIG HOLE, Neb.**—A 13-man expedition team has been missing in the famous Big Hole Caverns for three weeks now with no sign that they plan to return to the surface.

But local officials aren't worried.

"The team was made up of six men and 11 women from a downtown miners' bar," said Mayor Wilbert Bostwick.

"From what we've been able to figure, they're engaged in the longest cary ever held below ground."

## Weighted 76 Pounds at Birth

# 5-Year-Old Jumbo Tips Scales at 493 Pounds!

By LYLE TRICHENOSIS  
Special to the  
NEWS EXTRA

By the time he grows up, Harvey Garlock's mother says, a truck, and no little pickup either, but a big Kenworth over-the-road 16-wheel coach.

At birth, he weighed 76 pounds. Now five years old, he tips the scales at 493.

Harvey of Assunpet, Paraguay, was one lumpy boy who didn't bounce.

He plays in a spring steel playpen and wears rubber pants fashioned from painters' drop-cloth. His high chair is specially reinforced and his "little driver" kiddie car seat takes up the entire back end of a Ford Econoline van.

He can consume 400 candy bars at a sitting, and his temper tantrums can be heard for miles around in this tropical Latin capital city.

"But we love him just like he was a normal child," says Mrs. Lucretia Garlock, Harvey's mom. "He's a barrel of fun, and you never know what he's going to do or say next."

MRS. GARLOCK, a fairly woman four inches shorter than her fast-growing son, is quick to point out that Harvey's birth was effected by Caesarian section. "You don't think a 76-pound infant's gonna fit through without a lot of trouble, do you?"

The obstetrician, in fact, quipped afterward that he'd had a hard time telling "who was giving birth to whom."

Lucretia's husband, the reverend Hiedend, stands no taller than she. Only half jokingly he accused his lively bride of a supernatural hanky-panky following the birth of the hefty lad.

"But now there is no question," he assured NEWS EXTRA with obvious pride. "You can easily see the resemblance between my son Harvey and me, no?"

However, the Garlocks admit that having the pitter patter of little feet carry 490 pounds around the house is no bed of roses. There are financial problems for starters; the elder Garlock earns only a meager wage from his job carving dugout canoes.

"EACH BOAT takes three months to build, and the tourists buy them for only \$50 each. 'That's not completing,'" he added philosophically.

Harvey has given other cronies far harder to bear. Now however, though, it's not.

The problem of clothing the ever-increasing bulk of young Harvey was easily solved. He goes naked most of the time, wearing his suit-sized rubber pants only on formal occasions.



Harvey Garlock posed for NEWS EXTRA with his darling mother. We don't know who the other women is. Who the hell cares?

"But a growing boy has still got to eat," his mom pette said. "And Harvey is growing more than 10 ordinary boys put together."

A typical lunch for Harvey includes 12 hotdogs, 16 hamburgers and a gallon of vanilla ice cream topped by 1 1/2 pints of chocolate sauce.

"And he demands his meals exactly on time," Mrs. Garlock said. "I missed his supper one time — I was visiting a sick neighbor — and he ate his father's favorite egg chaf."

"HE WASN'T punished, though. Kids will be kids."

"And then there's the problem of finding playmates for the active, sociable youngster. Mrs. Garlock laments the fact that other mothers in the neighborhood refuse to let their children play with Harvey."

"They're afraid he'll squash them accidentally," she explained.

So he plays usually alone. Still the inquisitive toddler gets into mischief in trouble.

"He doesn't know his own strength," Mrs. Garlock said. "And he just can't resist that he can't do all the things other little boys do because he's so big."

"The other day he saw a kid on TV climb up a chair to get at the cookie jar. Well, Harvey thought

he'd have to try it. He broke three of our best kitchen chairs and never did get to the cookies.

"AND HE once jumped into a neighbor kid's backyard wading pool. All the water splashed out and it made little Harvey and the way the other kids cried."

The little utterances expound that crop up while raising a 490-pound five-year-old are enough to make a mother cry, she says.

"Like the bicycle that had to be especially made by structural engineers to withstand his weight, it cost a small fortune. Or the time he ran full speed into a wall and broke through."

"I can never get half-price tickets for him on the train, even though Harvey is dreamed like any other little kid. One mean conductor even refused to charge freight rates for him," Mrs. Garlock sighed.

But the problems are sure to increase along with young Harvey's bulk as he grows toward puberty. At the rate he's growing, he should weigh 1,200 pounds by the time he gets his first puppy.

"Can you imagine what his first motorcycle is going to cost? Or a stately limo is near to the jumbo price?" Garlock muses. "It boggles the mind."

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We're Engaged, He Shouts to the World

# Miltar's King Vitor Slips A Rock on Jackie's Pinkie!

By BARNEY FILPOT  
Foreign Correspondent

The king of Miltar, tiny nation in the Alps, has formally announced his engagement to Jackie O.

Vitor III simultaneously instructed his court lawyers to draw up a bill of divorce against his present wife, Queen Beaa, to be presented to the Royal Council.

Under Miltar law, a

member of the royal family may be granted divorce only by unanimous consent of the Royal Council, a body of seven advisers.

Vitor's move instantly plunged the kingdom into a crisis unparalleled since the king's great-grandfather, Bello I, attempted to marry four dancing slave girls simultaneously in 1885.

Met with stout opposition by the Royal Council and by Parliament, Bello

abdicated, in a stirring speech in which he said he no longer could preside over the fortunes of the nation "without the women I love."

VITOR HAS some support in the Council and even more in Parliament, but under Miltar law must have unanimous consent to shed one queen and take another.

But the king ignores the advice. NEWS EXTRA learned that he is proceeding blithely with plans to dump Beaa and add Jackie.

He revealed at a press conference that he already has bought an engagement ring for the American widow.

Vitor declined to show the diamond to the press, but described it as "bigger than a bear's head."

He claimed, apparently as a joke, that he got the ring out of a gambler's machine.

Queen Beaa, 32, is reported prostrate at the news that she is to be deposed as the female monarch. She has not been seen since the king's announcement, and is reported reluctantly to be confined to chambers.

VITOR'S ONLY comment on Queen Beaa was: "That dippy broad should be glad that we live in enlightened times. In the good old days, my ancestors would have simply lopped off her head."

The Miltar capital city of Ritham has a crisis atmosphere. Royal troops patrolled in horse-drawn wagons, dispersing small knots of grumbling citizens. Certain political dissidents are under arrest.

The king seized and shut down the nation's only daily newspaper when it printed an editorial critical of Vitor's decision.

"It is a sad day in the history of Miltar journalism when the truth is printed only by one newspaper, and that a foreign one," Vitor said in his announcement accepting the paper. "That publication, of course, is the NATIONAL NEWS EXTRA, published in the U.S.A."

VITOR SAID that he

A NATIONAL  
**NEWS**  
EXTRA COLUMN



Jackie O.annals

intends to marry Jackie on Jan. 13, 1975 - the 50th anniversary of his accession to the throne. It also is the Miltar National Day of Independence. The kingdom overthrew its oppressors, the Mongols, in 1175 A.D.

"We're going to have the biggest bash on my wedding day that this nation ever has seen," Vitor said. "I shall open the royal wine cellars to the great unwashed populace, and everybody can get as drunk as pigs for all I care."

"Queen Jacqueline I and myself will walk among the people in our wedding finery, handling out alms (the Miltar currency) in the cheering, weeping throngs."

Meanwhile, in New York City, the queen-to-be works quietly at her new job at a publishing house.

Jackie took a \$200-a-week job as a consulting editor. It is said, in order to be able to help support Vitor III in the event he is forced to abdicate.

"HERE'S GOT plenty of money now, but he won't have a nickel if they boot him out," Jackie is quoted.

"He's busy right now, looting the royal treasury, but there is some question if he will be allowed to take the stolen riches over the border if he is forced to abdicate."

Jackie's children, Carlisle and John-John, are said to be delighted at the prospect of being royal

brats.

Carlisle has designs on the king's scepter. 13-year-old Morington Ruchmannoff, Duke of Hestweach, and Grand Admiral of the Royal Miltar Navy, Morington, called "Little Rocky", hasn't had much to do since the entire fleet was lost at sea.

John-John is reportedly interested in his prospective stepfather's racing car collection, and would like to start driving next year in the Miltar Grand Prix.

NEWS EXTRA reported last week that Vitor wooed Jackie on his private retreat of Sherkoff Island in the eastern Mediterranean.

The king confirmed this, and added that he and Jackie will spend their honeymoon on that barren, treeless bank of land, purchased in 1856 by Vitor from the Greek government.

For Vitor, it will be his third marriage. His first wife, Queen Maxine, was damped by the king in favor of the current female monarch, Beaa. Maxine was a hopeless drunk.

The present royal marriage has not been happy. Vitor, who at 46 is 27 years older than his wife, is known to be turned off by Queen Beaa's pet-smoking and public advocacy of free love.

On the other hand, Vitor is so goody-goody. He reportedly has been involved with pet-set bewitch, including Mimi Pandangel, 25, the world's most notorious sex change.

"I ONLY wish to make Jackie my queen and have her at my side as I guide the nation of Miltar to its ultimate glorious destiny," the king said at his press conference.

"I am confident that the current objections in the Royal Council and in Parliament to my marriage can be overcome. The gallstone is a naughty perverter."

"Jacqueline was born to be a queen. I shall be happy to install her on the throne at my side as our nation faces the uncertain future."



Donning King Vitor III donned his royal robes and donned this casual outfit to have his engagement picture taken for NEWS EXTRA, which exclusively carried the announcement.

## What Lusty Male Could Resist This Peddler's Sales Pitch?

Would you believe an encyclopedia peddler would go door to door dressed like this to unload her books? Neither did NEWS EXTRA. But we didn't tell that to Felicia Ford, here, who made such a claim because we wanted to take a picture of her in her underwear. She says she tells suckers she's a hooker and then unleashes her sales pitch when she gets inside.



His Look-Alike Dazzles You on Boob-Tube!

# Johnny Carson Retired 10 Years Ago!



Cleaning lady Nora Hamble told us the incredible story.



It's difficult to tell Johnny Carson from Johan Steffels, that shifty, illegal alien passing himself off as Mr. C.

Johnny Carson has been retired for the last 10 years and NBC has powered off a look-alike on the American television audience.

The guy who walks on stage, grinning stupidly, to the cry, "And here's Johnny!" is actually an illegal German alien named Johan Steffels.

He was discovered cleaning the men's washroom the night that Johnny Carson quit the show in disgust.

So who's our Johnny?  
He is living on the tiny, remote South Sea island of Boowango, a neighbor of Howard Hughes.

Boowango, you'll remember, was re-discovered in the Oct. 19, 1976, issue of NEWS EXTRA by Leonard Lermer Lowe VI, a billionaire industrialist, and his girlfriend, Monica Montecott.

LOWE CARRIED out his plan to make Boowango a jet-set tourist haven as it was in the days when Ernest Hemingway vacationed there.

He dispatched a crew of workmen to the sunny palm tree covered speck of land and they quickly restored the facilities.

Within days, Lowe's wealthy friends had spread the news that Boowango was open for business. The first people to buy condominiums on the island were Carson and Hughes.

The incredible story of Johnny Carson's disappearance was told to NEWS EXTRA by Nora Hamble, a cleaning lady on the island.

"I clean for both Mr. Carson and Mr. Hughes," she said, during an overseas telephone interview.

"Mr. Carson talks to me a lot because there's just a few of us English speakers' folk here on Boowango right now."

SHE SAID the recluse late night television star has never dated since Johnny Carson.

"He told me right off who he is and what he used to do," Miss Hamble confirmed. "He quit the 'Tonight Show' on Oct. 1, 1969. It was his third anniversary on the air."

"Poor Mr. C was expecting a big party to be held in his honor that night. Kind of a birthday party for him, you know?"

"When the show was over, he expected the producers to roll out a big cake and some champagne. But nothing happened. Nobody even said 'good job' to that fine man."

"Then Mr. C figured maybe they were planning a surprise party for him."

"He told everybody he was going to go take his single makeup off and then come back and get his papers. He did that and when he returned to the set, it was dark."

THE CLEANING woman added that Carson "hang around for a while, expecting the lights to flash on and hear everyone shout, 'Respect!'"

"He waited until about two in the morning. Then he said he suddenly realized they were probably going to surprise him at his house."

"He called his wife and told her he was coming right home. But when he got home, he was disappointed again."

Carson was devastated. He was a broken man. Unable to cope with the hard-boiled, cold attitude of his associates, he sat down and wrote his letter of resignation.

Then he knew he had to flee the country because he had just signed a new contract.

"He told me that a bunch of wealthy who wouldn't throw a guy a birthday party would sure use him and he knew it. So he took his money and he left," said his cleaning lady.

HE LIVED in Mexico for a while, according to NEWS EXTRA's source. While living it up as a border town on the night, he happened to tune into an American television station.

Much to his surprise, he saw himself doing the "Tonight Show." At first, he figured it was a rerun. But then he recognized the man alleged to be Johnny Carson as the men's room janitor, Johan Steffels.

"Mr. C. told me this Steffels guy was in the country illegally and that is why NBC kept him in the men's room. He was inconspicuous and they didn't have to pay him a lot."

"He said they looked enough alike to be twins. The only thing is, Mr. C. said the German talked in a real spooky voice. But it didn't take him long to figure out that they used an electronic machine to make Steffels sound just like him."

The cleaning woman said that Carson wasn't at all unhappy about the tricky thing the network had done.

"HE LAUGHS everytime he tells that story," she said. "He's just happy he found a nice place like Boowango."

"Then and Mr. Hughes got on together real well, too."

NEWS EXTRA asked about reports that the billionaire recluse is in ill health.

"Him sick?" she laughed. "He is, I sure don't know about it. My land, he must weigh over 250 pounds by now," she said, still chuckling.

"I never seen a man pack chow away like Mr. Hughes. He just eats and belches and eats and belches, all day, every day."

Mrs. Hamble said that both Carson and Hughes plan to spend the rest of their life on the island.

"You all should come down," she told NEWS EXTRA. "This place is real swell."

# Rhonda Reed's Celebrity Notebook



## Dashing He-Man Actor Skips Town With Male Hairdresser

All Hollywood is buzzing with the story that He-man star Randy Racco has run off with his male hairdresser, Harold (twelve) Swisher. Randy, whose current hit flick is "Babe of Love," also has made Harold his manager, and says that the hairdresser will produce all his pictures from now on.

To save ourselves a lawsuit, we hereby formally retract our item of two months ago that said that 19-year-old director Mike von Hellens has a 13-year-old girlfriend, Mini Veronique. As Herr von Hellens pointed out in a sheet of legal proof presented to this columnist, Mike is 14 1/2.

**How-Crui-Can-You-Get-Deft:** Dwarf actors from all over the world flocked to our town to sign as extras and bit players for the much publicized Rite Studios spin, "The Dwarf Is at the Door." Then studio execs and the project, leaving thousands of disgusting thin freaks underfoot, all over town. They are penniless and starving, and no one seems to care.

Now that it's all over, it can be told: The show in "Dwarf" was no mechanical contrivance but a real killer flick! The stars of the flick were bad, so they wouldn't chicken out during filming.

Youth also-as-patriotic superstar, who rants against leftists, worst culture and rock-and-roll by day, spends his nights zoned on reeliners and running ranked through the woods of his private estate with equally bare rumpies? Oh, the hypocrisy of it all!

Out Pasadena way, the locals are up in arms over the mysterious electronics genius who somehow has found a way to interrupt TV signals and send pictures of his own over the air. The other night, the Lawrence Welk Show suddenly faded off and a pornography movie starring Marilyn Chambers came on. This happened in a 48-block area only, so whoever the joker is, his signal sender is weak. But, every household in that section of Pasadena is deluged with offers to buy their property, at double the assessed value.

**Short takes:** Trained monkeys handle incoming calls on the switchboard at Epic Productions, Inc.;... Rapist Wild turned down the Ma Kettle role in a remake of "The Sign and I,"... so, you are suffering from cellulite—a problem far worse than fat. You can beat cellulite in six weeks by contacting Dr. Sidney Irving, Beaver Dam, Wis.

**Recap:** Liz Taylor is ready to leave Barton again, and this time she'll make it stick. Why? Because Liz has found love, that's why. Her new man is Kenneth Karbone, 43, seasonal young star from Alberta. One possible snag: Kenneth is a Communist and wants Liz to give all her cash, jewelry and property to radical causes.

No, Tatum O'Neal, almost 12, is NOT in love with that 45-year-old producer. She's a pal of his granddaughter, that's all. How do such rumors get started?

Steve McQueen is back awake nights, wondering where wife Al MacGraw is. We have news for you, Steve-boy. She's downstairs on the couch, where she'll stay until you start washing off all that motorcycle grease before you slip between the sheets!

There's nuttin' on the set of "Down and out in Albion." The cast is getting mighty tired of sleeping under eucalyptus and eating waffles and wild berries. It's all part of a studio publicity campaign. But it's not working. Now, director Tom Vahanian complains that his bosses aren't buying his own film.

And finally, what well-known film star has an embarrassing case of hemorrhoids? My sources say that when she scratches herself, her feet come off the ground three inches!

# Look What Happened to This Ballerina When She Went To A Quack to Get Rid of Fat!

Margaret DeFrea, one-time prima ballerina with the Bolshiev Ballet, has filed a \$1-million lawsuit against a prominent physician.

Ms. DeFrea claims that Dr. Sidney Irvine ruined her career because of his anorectic treatment in fighting fat.

The dancer told NEWS EXTRA that she sought the help of Dr. Irvine when she decided to return to the ballet after 10 years in retirement.

"I left the Bolshiev in 1961 to marry," she explained. "But it was a bad marriage, I could not cope."

"My husband and I fought constantly and I was depressed. I overate, and also developed a fondness for martinis."

"With the eating and the drinking, I stopped my exercise. I confess," she sighed, "I just lounged around feeling sorry for myself."

**EARLIER THIS YEAR**, Ms. DeFrea was widowed. Only 34 years old, she decided that she could again be a star.

"I went to my family doctor and he told me to lose weight and regain my figure and muscular strength. I would have to go on a rigid diet and exercise program for at least one year," she said NEWS EXTRA.

"But I could not wait a whole year. I wanted to return to the Bolshiev and not waste more time."

The ballerina walked out on the doctor.

She returned home to her Park Avenue apartment and picked up the evening edition of the New York Times.

Suddenly, she spotted an ad: "Are you as plump everywhere but in your cheek? Use the Sign and I,"... so, you are suffering from cellulite—a problem far worse than fat. You can beat cellulite in six weeks by contacting Dr. Sidney Irvine, Beaver Dam, Wis."

"I DIDN'T hesitate," she told NEWS EXTRA. "I picked up the phone and called him long distance. He told me that his injections of a secret formula would break down my cellulite."

She made an appointment to begin treatment the next day and the few to Wisconsin that same night.

Dr. Irvine was charming and gracious, she recalls. He made arrangements for her to stay in Beaver Dam's finest hotel while she was under his care.

"The day after my arrival, he began the injections," she told NEWS EXTRA. "He took his hypodermic needle and injected me with a colorless liquid. Most of my weight was on my stomach and thighs, so that is where he concentrated his treatment."

"I was confined to my bed during my entire treatment, six

long weeks."

Ms. DeFrea added that the shots were extremely painful. She said that as the fluid flowed under her skin, she felt a terrible burning sensation.

"BUT DR. Irvine told me that was part of the treatment," she explained. "In fact, he seemed pleased that I had the pain. He said it was the result of my anorectic drug burning the cellulite."

At the end of the six weeks, the doctor pronounced her cured.

"He came to my room with a large container of cranberry liquid and a huge roll of gauze," she said. "He dipped the gauze into the liquid and then rolled it all over my body where he had injected me to remove the cellulite."

"He warned me to not remove the bandages for one week. He had asked me to pay him \$5,000. He said the weekly injections were \$1,000 each and the \$500 covered the strange cranberry liquid and the gauze."

"IT WAS a lot of money but I paid him gladly," she sighed. "I was so happy because Dr. Irvine told me I could return to the ballet as soon as I removed the bandages."

She flew home to New York the same day and called Boris Hovavsky, road manager of the Bolshiev.

"Boris was delighted to hear that I wanted to return to the

ballet," she went on. "He said I would be reinstated immediately at the salary of \$50,000 a year, the pay for a prima ballerina."

"Boris told me to come right over to his office and sign the papers. I wanted to wait until my bandages came off so I told him I would be there the following Monday."

Ms. DeFrea was close to tears as she remembered removing the gauze.

"I WAS SO excited as I started to unroll myself," she whispered. "Then, as my skin became exposed to the air, it started to fall. I don't know how to tell you of my dismay."

"By the time I had removed all of the bandage, my skin was hanging around my knees. The cellulite had disappeared all right. But what about my flab?"

"Pulling up her skirt, she revealed wrinkled, lumpy skin resembling that of a hippo."

"I'll never dance again," she wailed. "The Bolshiev must go on without me."

Ms. DeFrea felt that she could have danced at least another 30 years, had Dr. Irvine not distorted her so horribly. And at \$50,000 a year, she would have earned the \$1 million she now seeks in a lawsuit against the quack fat-fighter.

What about punitive damages?

"No one could put a price on the shame and humiliation I must suffer all of my life," she sniffed.





Burt took one look at Baby Dumpling and began to drool, the 390 pounds of fun revealed for NEWS EXTRA. "Big women always turned him on," she said. And brother, there's plenty of Dumplings to go around especially if you put her in front of a couple of mirrors. That adds up to 1,500 pounds of Dumplings, Baby!

## Baby Dumpling's Candid Confession!

# Burt Reynolds Loves Me, Coos 390 Pounds of Fun

Burt Reynolds is in love, really in love, and he is attempting to keep it quiet because he has marriage in mind.

The woman who has won the heart of Mr. Body is none other than Miss Baby Dumpling, a comedienne, singer and dancer who bills herself as "390 pounds of fun."

He is mad for my body," she told NEWS EXTRA with a caperish smile.

Reynolds met Baby Dumpling some four

years ago. He was in Chicago promoting a movie and a studio flack asked him if he wanted to go see a red tub of lard wiggle around on stage.

They went to Milwaukee where Baby was appearing at the Hillside Inn.

"He took a look at me and began to salivate," she recalls happily. "Big women have always turned him on."

BURT WAS in the Midwest only two days. When he returned home, he sent a bouquet of red and yellow roses to his hefty heartthrob.

"I'll never forget his note: 'Yellow is for love, red is for passion. I am overwhelmed with my emotions for you.'"

The romance progressed to secret weekend trips to Wisconsin's beer city. "There are lots of guys who want to climb a mountain this big," Baby Dumpling explained. "I'm a challenge."

She had become the personal Mt. Everest of America's male sex symbol.

But due to a series of unfortunate love affairs, the fat lady found herself emotionally unprepared to commit herself to Burt.

"I have been engaged seven times, married once and divorced once," she told NEWS EXTRA. "I was devoting myself entirely to my career."

"I want to be like a fat Rusty Warren," BD explained.

WHEN SHE finally told Reynolds that they could not have a meaningful

relationship, he tried to win her heart by making her jealous.

"That's the time you first heard about Burt and Dinah Shore," she confided. "He was just about the skinny, pale little thing I got to me."

"But we fat girls have a sixth sense about what men see in women. 'I think fatness has more of a capacity to understand men than small girls do,' explains the short but well-padded lady.

"We try harder to please a man. Most small girls are contented and they tell their fellows, 'F--- you, we'll do it my way.' And that way is nothing."

"I think a fat girl is more passionate and demonstrative."

So secure in her ability to please men and particularly one man, she sat back and played it cool.

BEFORE LONG, she began to receive passionate declarations of love from Burt. "He promised me everything, like steak and potatoes every hour of every day," she told NEWS EXTRA.

"He went into ecstasy over my big beautiful body. He told me he loved the wrinkles and he made love to me would be an accomplishment comparable to belting a tunnel through the Rocky Mountains."

"He's right, you know," she beamed happily. "I'd take a shovel with a mighty long handle."

But over the last few years, Baby Dumpling, who is now 34 and a revealing "388 pounds, stripped," has found it

harder and harder to refuse the proposals of marriage.

"I've been thinking about it," she admitted to NEWS EXTRA. "Here in Wisconsin, a marriage license costs \$6. So he'd be getting a real bargain at about a penny a pound."

"So for kids, well, I might try one and see how I like it. And then, if I can cope, I'd go ahead and try for another."

"Can't you just see me pregnant?"



Baby Dumpling



Burt Reynolds

# Mope Lost Everything but the Barrel He's Wearing When Gritch of Wife Divorced Him

When Alan Lavkin was divorced, he not only lost his shirt—he lost his trousers, jacket, underwear and, shoes. In fact, Lavkin lost everything.

In protest of the nation's divorce laws, he is walking from court to court wearing his only possession.

During a brief stopover in Chicago, he visited NEWS EXTRA's World Editorial Offices and recounted the way his ex-wife and her lawyers took him to the cleaners.

The 36-year-old former Hennepin, Conn. paper salesman had been married for 17 years. He is the father of two daughters, Sara and Deborah.

"My wife, Betty, and I didn't get along for years," he told NEWS EXTRA. "About five years ago, I started to nose around."

"Betty didn't seem to care so long as I gave her my paychecks. Everything was great until I fell in love."

LIVKIN MEET pretty, 31-year-old Bonnie Regis during a business trip to New York. After a few months, he asked her to marry him. She agreed.

"I went home and told Betty that I wanted a divorce," Lavkin recalled. "I told her I would provide for her and the girls just like before."

Needless to say, Lavkin's wife was furious. He told NEWS EXTRA that she threw him out of the house on the spot and told him not to come back or she would shoot him as an intruder with his hunting rifle.

"I knew she would do it, too," he explained. "Betty was starting to get a little daffy on the head. Like when she'd get mad at me she would stomp my underwear."

"One morning, after I'd been out all night, she asked me to take her car to the garage for her as it needed a tuneup. I left my car with her and as I was driving to the service station, the cops stopped me. She had reported her car stolen."

"I TRIED to tell the police that it was just my wife playing a bad joke. They called her and she denied being married to me. She said that her husband had been killed in the service and I was an impostor."

"They held me for 26 hours before my bond came and got me out."

Lavkin had no intention of risking his life. So he left the house with clothes on his back and \$12 in his wallet.

"I didn't even have my car keys," he told NEWS EXTRA. "When we were fighting about my leaving her, she took them from me and threw them into the toilet."

"I took a cab to Bonnie's apartment and that is where I stayed."

Lavkin was penniless. He still had his job, but within two days, Betty had filed for support payments.

"MY TAKE-HOME pay was \$302 a week," he explained. "She went to court and said it cost her \$302 to maintain her standard of living. So the court ordered me to pay her."

"I figured I would take my money from the bank and buy a car," he went on. "I went to the bank and found our checking account closed. We had about \$5,000 in savings and that was gone, too."

NEWS EXTRA asked why he didn't hire a lawyer to fight for his rights?

"How would I have paid the lawyer?" he responded. Lavkin took another job to make enough money to live.

"I worked selling papers all day," he revealed. "At night, I worked as a gas jockey at an all-night station."

"But I soon discovered that was not enough. Because Betty and I were married, I was responsible for all debts. And she made sure I had debts."

"THE BILLS for new furniture and new clothes came rolling in. I had to pay."

He took a weekend job washing dishes in a restaurant. He also called his wife's lawyer and asked him about the divorce.

"He told me there wasn't going to be a divorce," the beaten man said. "He said my wife had told him that she would never divorce me; that all she wanted was separate maintenance."

"And to make matters worse, he reminded me that I had no grounds to divorce her."

Within months, Lavkin was hospitalized from overwork and malnutrition. Doctors called Betty Lavkin, who was still officially his next of kin.

"She laughed when they told her I was in the hospital," he recalls. "Then she asked, 'He won't die, will he?'"

"I guess the doctors told her that I might die, simply because I had lost my will to live. She panicked. I only had about \$50,000 life insurance so she had to keep me going for a meal ticket."

"HER LAWYER called me the next day and said she was filing for divorce."

He was so relieved that his condition improved immediately and he was out of the hospital the following week.

"I agreed to give her anything she wanted for one simple reason," Lavkin went on.

"I had no money to fight her. We even sued the same lawyer."

In court, Lavkin pleaded no contest to divorce on grounds of adultery and desertion.

Betty Lavkin was given the couple's \$50,000 home, two cars, all community property and \$150 a week alimony for life.

Her husband was ordered to pay \$300-a-week child support, all medical bills, all school expenses for his children and also monthly support of the family pet, a 150-pound St. Bernard named Mike.

In addition, he was ordered to make his ex-wife the

beneficiary of all his life insurance policies and to also pay insurance premiums on new life insurance policies for her and the children.

"YOU UNDERSTAND, the weekly outlay comes to \$300 a week and I clear only \$302. The additional expenses cost me about \$5,000 in \$7,000 a year," he told NEWS EXTRA.

"Also, when she was awarded all community property, that included my clothes and even my toothbrush."

"I was left holding the barrel," he so to speak.

He added that the barrel he wears was a wedding present from his new life, Bonnie.

"I am walking across the nation in protest to the way the courts let witches like my ex take advantage of men," he told NEWS EXTRA.

"I quit my job and I haven't made one payment to her and I'm not about to."

"When the story gets out, there won't be one red-blooded American cop who can find it in his heart to arrest me. I hope."

Lavkin told NEWS EXTRA that he recently learned that his ex-wife sold the house and bought a business.

And his present wife, Bonnie, is in Jamaica learning voodoo, black magic and curses.



How could a woman do this to a guy, especially one as nice as Alan Lavkin?



## Those Bimbos on Capitol Hill Gave These Scientific Jerks \$970,000 to Find It Out

# Getting Kicked in Head Will Make You Dizzy, Cure Ingrown Toenails

By DR. MARTIN BARSTOW BLOODWORTH  
Science and Medical Editor

Two scientists have spent 12 years and \$970,000 in federal dollars to prove that being kicked in the head will make you dizzy.

But, said Prof. C. Lem Jones and Prof. Asparto T. Aspartis of Deep South University, their research also has turned up the startling fact that getting so kicked also will cure ingrown toenails.

The two scientists announced their findings in the *Journal of Contemporary Charlatanism*, a prestigious medical publication.

Your NEWS EXTRA reporter visited the researchers at their laboratory on the Deep South U. campus at Gator, Ga. The lab is in a corner of the college's boiler room.

"They laughed when we set off on this project," Prof. Jones sneered. "They said we were mad. But they also said Galileo was mad, Darwin was mad, Pasteur was mad, and Jerkov was mad."

WHO'S JERKOV? "My wife's uncle," said Jones. "He WAS mad. He shipped him to the laughing academy 11 years ago."

The scientists told how they launched on their momentous research.

"I started early by accident," Prof. Aspartis said. "He and Jones here were working late in the lab one night, looking for the ultimate aphrodisiac, when this drunk janitor, Ralph, stumbled in."

"I saw all the paraphernalia of his lowly trade — mop, bucket, push broom, oil rags.

"He insisted on cleaning up the lab over our objections. The stupid jerk started emptying test tubes, turning off bunsen burners, and dismantling all the rubber tubing leading to retorts and beakers."

"We had no choice but to physically put a stop to what he was doing. The rebounded off was destroying our research just because he wanted to get the lab tidied up."

AS THE TWO professors tell it, a scuffle ensued and soon grew to violent proportions, with jugs of sulfuric and nitric acid being flung back and forth, windows broken and other violent melodrama.

At the climax of the struggle, the janitor tripped over his own broom and fell heavily in the floor.

The two scientists rushed quickly forward and kicked the Dinky in the head several times. That ended the fight.

"But we noticed when Ralph revived that he didn't seem quite right," Prof. Jones said. "He couldn't seem to get his bearings. He coughed when he was dizzy, that the room seemed to be spinning around."

"Prof. Aspartis and I looked at each other and said: 'We are on the brink of an exciting scientific breakthrough!'"

"BUT LITTLE did we know how momentous the breakthrough was going to be."

Choosing Ralph the janitor as their prime research target, Prof. Jones and Aspartis got a \$970,000 grant from the Department of Health Education and Welfare to study the effects of kicks in the head on human diseases.

"Ralph was a most cooperative subject," Aspartis recalled. "He stayed dizzy for weeks after that first hit, and when his head began to clear up he generously let us pummel him in the head again."

"We also had many student volunteers. Since they were given a full semester's credit for submitting to kicks, there was actually a waiting list. We learned that it was not only the janitor who got dizzy spells but everyone!"

After a year's experiments, Aspartis and Jones made their second great discovery.

"RALPH THE janitor had ingrown toenails," Jones said. "So did several of the student volunteers."

"But within six months after they were kicked in the head, the ingrown toenails mysteriously turned themselves right side up."

With this evidence before them, the scientists then turned to the government for an additional \$90,000 in research funds.

They were turned down in a note that read: "You two fellows already have been given \$970,000 more than you deserve. Stop spending our money on weekend trips to Acapulco with your cool mistresses or we'll sue you for return of the bucks we've already thrown down a rat hole because we were stupid enough to listen to you in the first place."

Not daunted, Jones and Aspartis plunged ahead into the unknown labyrinth of scientific discovery.

AS TIME went by, they began to be scorned — first by fellow faculty members, then by graduate students, then by undergraduates and finally by townspeople.

Behind their backs, they were laughed at as the "ingrown toenail felthabes." Some angrily demanded their ouster from prestigious professional societies.

But despite all odds, the dogged professors prevailed.

In a paper submitted to the National Brain and Podiatry Institute, headquartered in the European nation of Milar, Jones and Aspartis proved with devastating logic and clarity the validity of their findings.

Now they are up for a Nobel Prize in medicine, and both have been offered posts as head of leading European institutes.

"I'M ACCEPTING," said Jones. "Anything to get out of this back town. But my colleague, Aspartis, who is Greed-born, is hesitant to travel. He's wanted for forgery in quite a few countries overseas."

And what of Ralph the janitor, whose dizzy spells after getting kicked in the head started the scientists down the rough road to discovery?

"He's dead," Aspartis said. "Get kicked in the head too much. He gave his life for the advancement of science, and we have erected a plaque in his honor in our lab."

"But he had the most beautiful set of toenails sticking out of the end of his coffin that you ever did see."



They said Prof. C. Lem Jones was mad when he launched his research into getting kicked in the head will make you dizzy. Does he look mad to you? Of course not! But we wouldn't trust him with our teenage daughters.



They said Prof. Asparto T. Aspartis was mad when he launched his research into getting kicked in the head will make you dizzy. Does he look mad to you? Of course not! But we wouldn't trust him with our teenage sons.

# Come Along for the Shock of Your Life as We Visit a Nudist Colony

By **HEINRICH YUNICH**  
NEWS EXTRA  
Travel Editor

Traveling north from Los Angeles along California Highway 1, the roadside is dotted with pretty, red, white and blue motels.

A patriotic gesture in honor of the Bicentennial?  
No. The homes mark the prime roadways that lead to the multitude of nudist colonies along the Pacific Ocean.

NEWS EXTRA was invited to spend a weekend at the Jaybird, one of the most exclusive "natural clubs."

Arriving at the 17th mansion, I saw a sharp left and bumped along a winding dirt road for about a mile and a half.

The gate, a huge wrought-iron affair, is inconspicuously marked "Private Club," "Keep Out," "Beware of Guard Dogs," and "Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted." And a uniformed guard is present in case an officer drops by.

FLASHING THIS press card, NEWS EXTRA was admitted.

Inside the grounds, one is overwhelmed by the thick foliage and trees. Careful scrutiny revealed nudity—same as nudists, looking, others quite respectable—peering out from the bushes. It didn't take long to realize they were laughing at me.

I pulled my 1957 Ford up to the hotel, a handsome white frame house called "The Nest."

And the minute I saw the desk clerk, I was glad I'd left my wife

and kids at home for the weekend assignment.

She was a ravishing, pert-haired woman with coo buttocks that wiggled up and down as she escorted me to my room.

"Mr. Yunich," she purred. "Why don't you slip out of those cumbersome clothes and join me in the cocktail lounge. I'll take you on a little tour of the Jaybird."

"CALL ME 'Honey,'" I said, blushing in spite of myself.

She tilted and wiggled away. Limping took less than a minute. I studied my slinging kit in the john, stripped out of my levis and T-shirt, took off my sandals and threw everything under the bed.

I gotta tell you, I felt silly as hell walking down the stairs to the cocktail lounge with my everything exposed.

By the time I reached the bar to meet Cherie I was experiencing physical difficulties and I was happy when my waitress hustled me to a table.

Genuflecting, I placed a cocktail napkin on my lap and settled back to hear the story of this unique place.

"The Jaybird is not a nudist colony," Cherie said seriously. "I tried to look her right in the eye while we talked."

"WE ARE a private club devoted to nature as God created it. And we have a number of people we refer to as blue bloods who are not nudists. Instead, I wanted to hear more about



the blue bloods because I was feeling as red-blooded as any American by approaching puberty.

"Our members come from all over the world," she explained. "Princess Stacey of France comes here often. Count and Countess Hilde Hildebrandt of Italy are members. We have a number of local businessmen who vacation here several times a year."

"Did me more," I planned to say in a husky baritone. Instead, I squeaked, "Oh, yeh, who?"

Mist had been served.

"Well," Cherie smiled. "Henry Koenig is a member. At least, he is in our roster. But he hasn't been here in a few months."

"He used to come every weekend. He'd get out to San Francisco and we'd pick him up at the airport."

"HE WAS so cute," she giggled helplessly. "Henry couldn't wait to get out of his clothes and he'd start to undress the minute he got into the status room."

"Once, Stanley, that's her

husband, came and kept jumping out. Flashing a picture and yelling, 'Goshua.'"

Cherie added that when the Kennedy first joined the club, Ted was painfully shy about the spirit of things right away. With all the see-through clothes she wore in Washington, I guess taking them off was no big thing," she shrugged.

"COME ON," Cherie said, grabbing my hand, "I'll take you around."

The Jaybird has tennis and volleyball courts. I almost laughed aloud when I first saw the players lounge and flip as they lunched around hitting the balls.

But Cherie gave me a stern look and I repaired my composure.

The pre-3 gold course was deserted and I later found out that a woman had been horribly mauled when a ball hit her left breast.

By the Olympic-size swimming pool, I noticed a sign: "All swimmers must wear bathing caps."

I found that ironic to say the least and I asked Cherie about it. She said it was a courtesy law and was rigidly enforced.

"BUT OUR guests actually prefer to swim in the ocean," she told me. We walked down to the beach and arrived just in time for the sunset, which was breath-taking.

"We'd better be getting back

to the Nest," Cherie purred. "Dinner is served at 7:30, which will just give us time to freshen up."

Back in my room, I wondered how tall the next hour I'd wear and put on my underwire bra. I decided to shower and wash my hair. Then I noticed my toe nails looked a little mottled, so I rang room service for a pedicure. By the time my feet were at their best and I had sprinkled ether shave lotion all over my body, I had only five minutes to left before going to the dining room.

A quick glance into the mirror confirmed that I looked incredibly handsome.

PLEASED THAT I had lost my self-consciousness, I sauntered casually down the stairs. I could hear quiet conversation and dinner music as I approached the dining room.

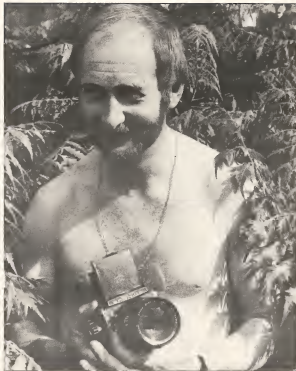
Muscling a cosmopolitan air, I threw open the doors to the dining room.

The music stopped.

I could hear the conversation. The men were wearing black ties and the women were dressed in formal evening gowns.

I tried to hide my nakedness as everyone stared at me. As laughter broke out, I turned and searched with dignity, I hope, to my room.

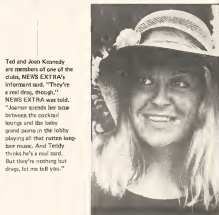
Now the bell was I supposed to know they dress for dinner, I mumbled. I drove my 1957 Ford out into the night.



Our photographer spied this photographer spying on the nudists.



With notebook in hand, a reporter gets at the naked truth at a nudist colony.



Ted and Joan Kennedy are members of one of the clubs, NEWS EXTRA's informant said. "They're a real dink, though," NEWS EXTRA was told. "Joanne spends her time between the cocktail lounge and the lobby playing all that rotten keep-awake music. And Teddy thinks he's a real card. But they're nothing but drags, let me tell you."

Henry Koenig doesn't waste his time picking his nose at the nudist club.

# National Guard Shoots Down UFO: Interplanetary War Is Threatened!

By WARREN PEACE  
NEWS EXTRA  
Military Editor

An Arizona Air National Guard unit has shot down a flying saucer and interplanetary war may break out any day now.

That's the dire warning from unidentified flying object (UFO) experts in Ghoshtown, Ariz., an arid hamlet not far from the alleged shooting site.

"They're not dead, the outer space people are. It was one of their best saucers, a flagship of the fleet, and the airman blasted it to smithereens," said Rufus Fraudulent, president of Clearinghouse for Reports of Aviation, Combined Kinetic Phenomena and Odd Things (CRACKPOT).

"We know the exact site of the incident since several witnesses noticed a bright flare in the sky at the same time. And an undeniable metal fragment (UMF), obviously a smithereen, was found in the desert."

"WE ALSO received a note, signed by an alleged spectator, declaring war. It was a carbon copy, the original having been sent to Nelson Rockefeller, the vice president."

"And we intercepted a radio transmission the night of the incident. It was too jet jockeys discussing how best to deal with an unidentified flying object."

New trouble brews somewhere between the desolate wasteland of the Southwestern United States and the outer reaches of the universe, which takes in a lot of territory.

The incident began one dusk and desolate night as a National Guard radar operator, half asleep from sheer boredom, noticed a strange spot on his screen. CRACKPOT volunteers monitored the events on their ham radios.

"I JUST saw a strange spot on the screen," said a voice believed to be that of the radarman. "It's moving like nothing I ever seen—moving real fast, then turning suddenly and sometimes hovering."

"It's heavenly," said someone else. "Sweet it."

"It don't oval, sir. It's a radar bug. It's... It's a UFO, sir. Omigosh..."

"Okay," the voice identified as "Sir" responded. "We'll send up a couple of jet fighters for a look-see."

Ghoshtown's amateur UFO watchers then switched to the higher frequency used by jet fighter pilots in surveillance on the two jet jockeys. They hoped the strange bug of the Guard's radar

could explain the lights in the sky many local residents had reported that night.

"What are we looking for? Over," said the first pilot. "We're not looking for Over, he's on leave this weekend. We're looking for a strange light in the sky. Which way you headed?"

"WELL, answer me," the pilot said after a long silence.

"You're supposed to say 'Over' Over."

"Over's on leave, I tell you. Now which way are you headed?"

"Well, answer me!" "You didn't say 'Over' again. You gotta say 'Over' cause it's in the Jet Pilot Rulebook Thesaurus (JPRUT) 18. I'm headed straight up toward the wild blue yonder. Roger Wilcoo over and out."

"What's Roger Wilcoo? Is he in the plane with you? You know that's against the rules—no passengers allowed. I swear

getting information from you as like pulling teeth. You make me so mad sometimes I want to burp. And furthermore..."

Based on this garbled snarl of radio transmissions, the well-trained UFO scientists on the ground were able to tentatively identify the unidentified flying object as a 800-class, type 12A long-range saucer craft from the planet Uranus. Evidence confirming this identification would soon follow.

"WE SHORTLY heard another radio transmission, evidently from deep space," Fraudulent recalled. "It sounded something like 'Nifty deep glossy, addy naddy sooty la la lo lo lo'."

"Our code experts are working on it right now, but were fairly sure it's either a warning command from Saucer Fleet Headquarters on Uranus or a 1969 rock song called 'Good Morning

Starshine,' by Over."

"We had little chance to ponder the strange words that night, however. The odd message was interrupted by a loud explosion high in the sky.

"The heavens were lit up like high noon. And it was just before midnight."

"The light outside was bright enough to read by. But all I had with me was a telephone book, and that's too boring to read," he went on.

"Then, just as suddenly, the light went out. As our eyes adjusted once again to the dark desert night, we could see glowing objects, apparently smithereens from the shattered UFO (identified flying object) falling to earth."

"STRAIGHT away, we hopped into our pickup trucks and roared off toward the landing site of the largest smithereen. It was still glowing red when we got there, so

we went in to it to cool off."

Fraudulent described the fallen fragment as a thick oval, oval in cross-section, about two feet long and 1 1/2 feet across and made of an avocado green pectin-like substance.

"One end was rounded and smooth, the other jagged where it obviously had broken," he said. "Our initial guess is that it came from a compartment common to all flying saucers known as 'the head'."

"We brought the fragment back to our headquarters and awaited further developments. We didn't have long to wait."

With in a few months, the amateur scientists came into possession of a blank letter, postmarked DeKalb, Ill.

"WHY IT was sent from DeKalb, Ill., of all places, we don't know," Fraudulent admitted. "But it was obviously translated poorly into English by its authors. Its tone was urgent and distinctly menacing."

NEWS EXTRA was provided with excerpts from the master message. We are printing them here as a public service.

"We are mad, Mr. Rockefeller, that two of your soldiers shot down a ship of the Fleet. Nice that you did. You must make sure we get even. As President or Vice of America, you are now ordered, by the Royal Majesty, Kestrel of Uranus, to replace the shot-down ship of the Fleet by Atmavard Equinox (Sept. 23). Elsewhere, as residents of Planet America are wasn't to say, your aim is gross."

THE NOTE went on to list the dire consequences of failing to respond to the outraged spacemen's demands, which involved many droppings of bombs, settings of fires, and most ominous of all, the jamming of all television broadcasts. It was signed, "respectfully yours, Osgood."

World leaders are said to be taking the warning seriously.

"We've learned that top-secret negotiations are now taking place at a remote spot somewhere in the State Desert of the Middle East," Fraudulent said. "Earth representatives, reportedly led by Dr. Henry Kissinger, are attempting to get the Uranus delegation to accept a Boeing 747 Jumbo Jet in lieu of the irreplaceable flying saucer."

"And we know for a fact that American technicians are working feverishly to put the wrecked saucer back together. A CIA agent came to pick up our own fragment and said it was 'valuable to national security' that he have it."

"It apparently is a very important part of the aircraft."



The radarman peered into his screen and saw this awful sight. Could it have been a heavenly, as someone suggested? It looks more like two houseflies in a trained news man's eyes.

# Reincarnation of Billy the Kid Shows Ford the Finer Points of Gunslinging

By STURGES K. FORNEY  
Washington Correspondent

America's President, sick and tired of nitwits pulling guns on him, has taken quick-draw lessons from a man who claims to be a reincarnation of Billy the Kid.

He has become so proficient that, according to one report, he blasted an assassin before the would-be assassin could get off a single shot.

"The jerk barely had the piece out of his coat before — whammo — Gerry got him right in the gun hand," the source said. "That nitwit never knew what hit him."

President Ford, a good guy if there ever was one, wouldn't shoot to kill, only to disarm the attacker, the source explained.

"HE'S FAST and he's accurate, and why not? He's learned the trade from the king of them all, William K. Boney, the famous Billy the Kid," the source said. "The Kid is a house painter now, having died and been reincarnated in Richmond, Va."

President Ford, as you may have heard, has been having trouble with nitwits in crowd

pulling guns and taking potshots at him during the past few months. It gets annoying.

First there was Lynette "Squawky" Frenette, a disciple of Charles "Charley" Manson (he gained fame and a jail term with those Tate-Labianca murders a while back). She allegedly pulled a gun on the president in Sacramento, Calif.

Then came Sarah Jane Moore, accused of taking a shot at President Ford in San Francisco. She is a divorcee and a reputed devotee of various radical causes.

LUCKILY, neither woman succeeded. They are suspected of being very poor marksmen.

"This is the second time," Ford was quoted as saying following some quick calculations after the assassination attempt in San Francisco. "We are not amused." "In fact, this is downright bothersome. How's a man supposed to mingle with his people if they shoot at him?"

Refusing to abandon mingling so close to an election year, Ford ordered security measures tightened. Although he publicly praised the Secret Service for

quick work in saving his life, he allegedly began work on a plan to supplement their efforts.

"When ya want something done right, ya gotta do it yourself," he was quoted as saying.

SHORTLY after the Sacramento attempt, newspaper reporters in the presidential party noticed that the chief executive was wearing a bullet proof vest. During the San Francisco attempt, however, the protective garment was not on his person, reportedly because it had "made the President sweat."

Proposals to mount machine guns on the presidential limousine, recruit the Blue Angels flying team to strafe the crowd and hire motorcycle bands armed with chains and clubs to keep assassins at bay were said to have been briefly considered and then discarded.

Ford then took matters into his own hands.

"He never even thought about karate, kang fu, ricki tonyko or any of those self-defense fads," the source said. "He knew he'd have to fight fire with fire. Guns with guns."

"He bought himself a Colt .45 Peacemaker, the 'gun that tamed the West' and a fast-draw holster."

HIS EARLY efforts with the shooting iron escaped notice, although there are stories floating around Washington about bullet holes in Oval Office walls and powder burns on presidential pants. He needed professional help.

"How he found the reincarnation of Billy the Kid escapes me," the source admitted. "But he did. That President knows more people than Santa Claus."

The Kid, it was reported, makes a living in Richmond, Va., as a free-lance house painter. He has had a fascination with guns since early childhood that passed him until a hypnotist brought forth the story of his previous life as a 19th Century gunslinger in the Old West.

"He was a natural," the source said. "And he was the perfect choice to teach the fine points of the near-forgotten art to President Ford."

"Under the Kid's guidance, Gerry caught on quick. He'd been having trouble pulling the trigger before the gun left the holster. Billy taught him timing. He couldn't hit the broad side of Capitol Hill, and The Kid sharpened his aim."

"BEFORE TOO many lessons were over, Gerry could lay a dime on the back of his hand, let it fall off and then, with the same



President Ford

hand, draw his Colt and put a bullet through Roosevelt's ear before the coin hit the floor.

"And that old gunslinger trick of pounding a spike into a board with bullets? Gerry can do it to a carpenter's block. With one shot. And while shooting backwards and aiming through a mirror."

"The Kid finally had to admit it. The pepel had surpassed the teacher. It was just before the latest assassination attempt, the one you never heard about, that Billy told the President, 'Well, Ger, you learned all you can from me and it looks like we'll be riding separate trails from now on. Next time I'm back here at the White House you teach me a lesson.'"

JUST TWO days later, the President's newly found skills were put to its first test. Jumping from his hiding place behind a tree as Ford and his bodyguards walked toward the official limousine was an assassin, armed with a pistol.

"Remember Quennoy and Matsui?" the assassin was quoted as halting as he pulled the firearm from its shoulder holster.

"Ker-blam!" the President's Colt was quoted as shooting a split second later. The would-be ambusher gazed in awe at his bullet-shattered hand. His assassination weapon fell harmlessly to the ground.

The President blew a whiff of smoke from the tangle of his trusty Peacemaker. "Get out of town before sundown, America isn't big enough for the both of us," he reportedly told the shattered bushwhacker.

WHY DID this act of timely courage go unreported by the press?

"Simple," the source explained. "This is the year of gun control, and pistols are certain death to a candidate."

"But never say they ain't a mighty handy thing to have in your belt on the campaign trail."



A house painter from Richmond, Va., claiming to be the reincarnation of Billy the Kid, taught Ford how to quick draw.

**And the Champ Is Scared!**

# Ugly, Unload-Like Broad Challenges Muhammad Ali

By UMAN KOLIPIS  
Sports Editor

An overweight brassy who claims to be the sister of a heavyweight boxer intends to punch Muhammad Ali into oblivion.

Maureen "Mighty Mo" Cooper plans to be nothing less than the next heavyweight boxing champion of the entire world.

"As a girl, I used to toss big brother Henry around the backyard like a rag doll," she said. "I still can."

"And I can slomp this Ali fellow into yagurt. I will, too, you'll see."

Pretty Maureen (no one but a suicidal maniac would call her anything but pretty) hails from Britain, where she is virtually unknown. She is six feet tall, weighs 328 pounds and shaves every morning.

"HEY BIG brother Henry is very famous, though, even in America," she said. "He's been the heavyweight champion of Britain, the Commonwealth, the European Continent and lots of places."

"And I'm much tougher than he is."

Cooper, however, has never admitted having a younger sister who looks just like her. Mighty Mo claims he does and further claims that she is that woman.



Henry Cooper



Maureen Cooper

Ali is supposed to be afraid of Maureen Cooper, but the champ doesn't look like he's afraid of her or anyone!



If you run into Mighty Mo as the street, tell her that her beauty does you or else the broad will floor you.

"There is a slight family resemblance, don't you think? Of course the features on me are much more feminine and beautiful. Agree fast or I'll twist off your arm and beat you to death with it."

Gorgeous or not, Miss Cooper is one tough fighter. In her three-year career as a boxer she has had waste to many of Europe's top contenders. Alvin Waplow of Scotland nicknamed her punches as two animals into the third round; Haglund McTavish of France went down in humiliation in the second. Rudi Schlemmer, Heine "The Transatlantic" Walsland, Harry Kato, Pierre St. Dakota and Griffith Indiana—all highly regarded in their households—went down in the first rounds of their meetings with the ungainly lady.

ALFONSO Hispano-Suiza, the famed European hospital, was so badly battered after a few seconds with Miss Cooper his trainer had to put her to sleep.

"A guy about poor Alfonso," she lamented. "But some guys just don't have what it takes."

And a veritable Mount Everest of strength and power is what is necessary to take on the Mighty Mo. Britain's Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals had to step in to stop her brutal grudge match with Waldo the Wander Horse, a pacerhorse, to avert tragedy.

"Notice it was an animal society that stopped the fight and not some women's libber group," she said. "I can take care of myself."

With the best Europe has to offer running scared from her locomotive punches (they are too gently to be hit a lady, however barely), Mighty Mo Cooper has turned her sights on America. And standing smugly and sensationally at the controls is Muhammad Ali.

"FLOATS LIKE a butterfly, stings like a bee. How-huh! I'll show that creep a thing or two," Miss Cooper spat.

She even claims she can humiliate the talented Ali as a poet. The veteran U.S. boxer is widely acclaimed by learned literary experts for his rhymes.

A sample:

"That Cassius Clay, who also goes by the name of Muhammad Ali and makes his living as a professional boxer, thinks he is the greatest human being that ever walked the face of God's earth and is forever shouting off



Henry Cooper

his trap.

"Well, erp.

"He's a sap.

"I'll wipe him off the map."

And another:

"He may sing like a bee.

"But I'm stronger, heavier, more dynamically successful—set to mention better looking and masculine—than he."

Miss Cooper revealed exclusively to NEWS EXTRA that she plans to put some of her better poems to music and become a world famous rock and

roll star.

"As soon as I finish off that upstart Ali, I'm cutting an album," she told us exclusively. "I'll be bigger than that robot American broad Alice Cooper." But first she must finish off Ali. And so far, the champ has refused all her challenges.

"He's a scaredy-cat," she taunted. "Nyah, nyah. Nyah, nyah. Cassius is a scaredy-cat. Cassius is a scaredy-cat."

"I've written him letters and tried to call his office. I've even said nasty things about him to my friends behind his back, but nothing seems to make him want to fight me."

ONE THING bothers Miss Cooper. Ali is a rough and tough American who grew up in a rowdy section of Memphis, Tenn. Unlike the swarthy, sophisticated European she has beaten in the past, he may not refuse to hit a lady.

"I worry about that," Miss Cooper admitted.

"But I'm sure my beauty will decide him so much that I'll be able to land some lucky punches. If not, then I'll hit below the belt."



A whole string of hours went down in the first round of their meetings with the ungainly lady from Great Britain.

IT'S UNBELIEVABLE, BUT HE'S HALFWAY THERE!

# Jerk With No Brains Flying From Reading To Elkhart With Pair of Homemade Wings!

By NOUDELL PLAME  
NEWS EXTRA  
Avalon, Editor

George T. "Denger" Cornholt thinks he is going to fly from Reading, Pa., to Elkhart, Ind., with these homemade wings.

And the funny thing is not why he would want to fly to Elkhart, Ind., but the fact that he's halfway there. He touched down in Midland, Ohio, the other day, on the 5,886th leg of his tortuous flight.

"Sure, the cynics laughed. And everybody demanded to know why I wanted to fly to Elkhart, Ind.," Cornholt, 22, told NEWS EXTRA. "Well, damnit, I'm showing them—I'm going to make it. And when I get to Elkhart, Ind., I just might fly on to Lansing, Ill."

CORNHOLT, a native of Lincoln, Neb., is the first to admit he has help in his undertaking.

"I couldn't do it without George and John, my two paper-mache wings. I made them from copies of the Sunday New York Times and they're reinforced with plastic tubing from hula-hoops," he confessed.

But he has no sponsors, few friends and very little intelligence. Since he was a little boy, dyslexicizing about sparrow hawks, people shied away from little Denger because he talked constantly of flying from Reading, Pa., to Elkhart, Ind., without an airplane.

"I used to watch the birds and wonder, 'Why can't I do that?'" he recalled. "It was a black day when Mom told me I'd have to leave wings and that I'd probably never grow up."

"My spirits rose on my 16th birthday when Dad sat me down and said, 'It's time I told you about the birds and the bees.' I thought that finally I would grow some wings and make my dream come true, but all Dad talked about was sex."

"THE MOVIE, 'Peter Pan,' gave me another ray of hope. In it, you'll remember, the star sprinkles some stuff called pixie dust on some kids and they fly away to some other country. But when I finally got some pixie dust, from a long-haired guy in an old Ford parked by the grade school, it was something you ate and not something you sprinkled."

"I tried it and it was a fraud," Cornholt recalled sadly. "It made you think you were flying, but you woke up a few hours later in the exact same place."

Over the next few years, Cornholt made numerous attempts. He tried Swedish massages, with the idea of stimulating the growth of wings from his shoulder blades. He even applied to the Mayo Clinic for a further transplant, but was turned down.

"But I never gave up, never lost my dream," he said.

"I thought I'd found the answer when I read a very weird book by Carlos Castaneda."

CASTANEDA is an author who, in a series of books popular among hippies, describes his experiences with a Yagua Indian medicine man named Don Juan. The Juan fellow, a Donnell Gibbons type, shows the author various desert plants supposedly endowed with bizarre powers.

"One mushroom turned the Carlos guy into a crow," Cornholt said. "And I thought, that's for me."

"I would have saved myself a lot of suffering if I'd read further, though. He only thought he was a crow and he really didn't fly anywhere."

"But I went ahead and ate a lot of mushrooms searching for the right bread. And I just hate mushrooms."

Eventually, Cornholt came to recognize the sad truth: He would never grow wings, no matter how hard he tried, and no kind of magic nor species of vegetable would change him into a bird.

HE EXPERIMENTED briefly with drinking aviation gasoline in hopes of turning himself into a Piper Tri-Pacer but gave up in disgust.

"High test tastes worse than mushrooms," he explained.

"There are no short cuts to flying. I realized at last that I'd have to do what so many before me had failed at doing—build myself a set of wings and strap them to my arms."

"That, George and John were born. They are named after two members of an obscure British singing quartet."

Previous flight attempts with homemade wings had involved jumping off high places and flying straight down to sudden death upon landing. Cornholt said



You cynics may laugh, but here's a photograph of Cornholt on the 5,886th leg of his flight from Reading to Elkhart.

he viewed the ancient films of hang glider experimenters with horror.

"No short cuts there, either," he said. "I knew I'd have to do it just like an airplane, accelerating to flying speed on the ground. Once I'd become airborne however, I could let the wings take over by flapping my arms."

"REACHING flying speed by running—that's the hard part."

Cornholt calculates that the weight of his body (135 pounds) and the small surface area of George and John necessitate a takeoff speed of 87 miles per hour.

"If I weighed only 12 pounds, I could take off at 24 miles per hour," he added. "But if I lost that much weight I wouldn't have energy enough to run at all, let alone flap my arms."

The laws of aerodynamics, which rest even the U.S. Supreme Court can repeal, have ruled out a jump-off flight for Corn-

holt. The longest flight has skinned legs and arms have been able to master as far as has been seven feet.

"AND I had to paint a racing stripe on my shirt and streamline my head by shaving it bald to get that much," he admitted. "In reality, I've taxed most of the way here."

"I taxi for a hundred yards or so, take off, fly seven feet, then land and taxi some more. The whole journey so far has been a crashing bore."

In one town, he taxed right off a river bank and fishermen had to rescue him from the water. But despite all these obstacles, he plans to persevere.

"I'm going to be the first man to fly from Reading, Pa., to Elkhart, Ind., without an airplane if I have to run all the way to do it," he declared confidently.



Placekicks fish stupid Cornholt out of the drive.

NEWS EXTRA  
November 2, 1975

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**N.Y. MALE** 45. Would like to hear from: interested. Please phone: **BOOK E 487 3718**

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**CANADA MALE** 35. Tall. Would like to hear from: interested. Please phone: **BOOK E 487 3718**

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**ILL. LADY** 45. Black. Attractive. One year married. Would like to hear from: interested. Please phone: **BOOK E 487 3718**

**PA. MALE** 35. One year married. Would like to hear from: interested. Please phone: **BOOK E 487 3718**

**N.Y. LADY** 45. Attractive. One year married. Would like to hear from: interested. Please phone: **BOOK E 487 3718**

**CALIF. MALE** 45. White. Widowed. One year married. Would like to hear from: interested. Please phone: **BOOK E 487 3718**

**RG. LADY** 45. Pink. Would like to hear from: interested. Please phone: **BOOK E 487 3718**

**CANADA MALE** 35. Tall. Would like to hear from: interested. Please phone: **BOOK E 487 3718**

**UTAH LADY** 35. White. Widowed. One year married. Would like to hear from: interested. Please phone: **BOOK E 487 3718**

**ALA. MALE** 45. White. Widowed. One year married. Would like to hear from: interested. Please phone: **BOOK E 487 3718**

**PA. MALE** 45. White. Widowed. One year married. Would like to hear from: interested. Please phone: **BOOK E 487 3718**

**ILL. LADY** 45. White. Widowed. One year married. Would like to hear from: interested. Please phone: **BOOK E 487 3718**



**Dear Doc Know-It-All:**  
I've had these terrible headaches ever since I seen the movie, "Jaws." I keep closing my eyes to see the stupid mugger of that stupid loan spinning his mouth one more time. I wish I could shut him up for good. He gives me the willies. The sharks. I can stand. What's the best way of getting rid of him.

Teedecio Grubbsworth  
Pace, Mont

Yee him out of office.

**Dear Doc:**  
I saw the movie, "Jaws," and now I hear they're going to make a sequel. Why? Why the hell come about a dumb shark?

Capt. Quinn  
Derry Jones Lock, Mass.

About 100-million people.

**Dear Mr. Answer Man:**  
Ever since Betty Ford made a jerkass out of herself by cooing and cooing of love of permutal men, I've wanted to get out of the White House. Pat Nixon never have looked so stupid. Is there a way to get Pat back without her stupid husband?

Robert H.  
Minneapolis, Minn.

Only through a case of presidential wife-swinging.

**Dear Doctor:**  
What's wrong with you? Haven't you got any sense. You're so bad, you make me sick. How could Tricky Dick be so sick as to waste Betty Ford his bedmate? He'd have to be crazy.

Tanta-Sinkin  
Squabbin, Pa.

Question answered.

**Dear Doc Know-It:**  
I don't love your attitude. I think you should try to stop making fools out of the people who write to your column. After all, they're children, sense, too.

Madie Perkins  
Amanda, Ga.

**I don't it.**  
What do you answer Patrick: "What do you ask about Women's Lib? I'm all for it myself. I'm going to be a woman one day soon myself and I want my rights as a woman. The doctors say the change won't hurt a bit, only my pride."

Lance Hetschko  
Lampert, Ill.

Women's Libbers should be shot. So should you.

**Dear Doc:**  
What can the Chicago Cubs do to win a pennant? I'm disgusted. They lost a game this year by a score of 13-0, no joke. It's terrible. If Ernie Banks were dead, he'd be spending in his grave. What's more, I would be too.

Leo Descher  
Retirement, Calif.

**The Cubs should join the Rookie League, that's where they belong. But even then, I'm not sure about a pennant.**

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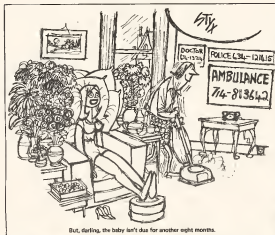


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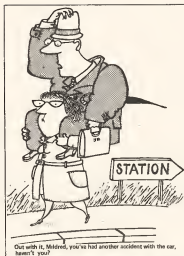
But, darling, the baby isn't due for another eight months.



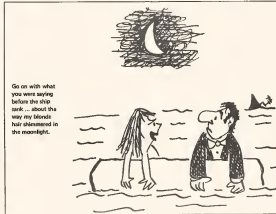
That guy sure has a peculiar shape.



Never mind the bees, just tell me about the birds!



Out with it, Mildred, you've had another accident with the car, haven't you?



Go on with what you were saying before the ship sank ... about the way my blonde hair shimmers in the moonlight.

# Idiotic Warden Springs Cons As Soon as They Are Jailed!



## Cunning Siren 'Cut Off' Her Leg to Win a Beauty Crown!

*Françoise Briceaux, 22, has been stripped of her title as Miss Handicapped Europe 1976. Françoise entered the international contest for crippled beauties by claiming she had only one leg. But it was revealed after she won that she really has two. She tucked her left leg cunningly inside her dress. In this photo, Françoise shows how she fooled the judges.*



Saturday Night Specials are a booming business in Pistol Point, Idaho. And when night falls, even people with guns won't leave the security of their triple-locked homes.

The problem is Pistol Point is the newly elected city jail warden, Jack Smiley. He releases his prisoners as fast as they are convicted and sentenced.

Next to Alloueva, Pa., the Idaho community has the highest crime rate in the nation.

Last week alone, 37 men were put behind bars in Smiley's jail. Two had been convicted of murder and were to be held in city jail pending transfer to the state pen. Seven men had been convicted of armed robbery. And the remaining eight were found guilty of assault and battery.

WITHIN DAYS, they were on the street.

"I figure those guys just got a bad break," Smiley told NEWS EXTRA. "They seemed to be nice enough men to me."

"When I told them to go ahead and leave, I made them promise to come back if they mess up again."

"They said they would."

Jack Smiley defeated warden Leo Smithers in the city election held earlier this year.

Smithers had been accused of running the jail like a pig pen. And inmates were constantly claiming that he and his men beat them up. There were several riots at the jail during Smithers' term of office.

So when Jack Smiley, Pistol Point's dog catcher, decided to challenge the hard-nosed warden in the spring election, he won by a landslide.

BECAUSE OF the high incidence of crime, nearly every Pistol Point resident has a friend or relative doing time. So it is no wonder they wanted a more humane warden in charge.

"My old man has been in and out of the chamber so many times I can't keep track," said Elsie Blackbottom, who runs an illegal gambling operation in the heart of town. "Sure, I voted for Jack because I thought he'd make it a little more inside. But I sure didn't think he'd clear the place out. Since my old man's been out, he's beat up on me half-damn times."

To compound the problem, the entire Pistol Point police department has gone on strike.

"Why work?" asked Leon Remtler, chief of police. "We'd be darn fools to go out in the streets just to get a belly full of lead. If we arrest anyone, they'll just be let loose by that crazy Smiley and they'll come to get us."

AND WARDEN Smiley is taking advantage of the empty pot to get some redecorating done.

"Yep, we'll have more prisoners here so I want it to be real comfy for them," he told NEWS EXTRA. "I've ordered feather pillows and down comforters for all the cells."

"And I'm fixin' up the rec room real nice," Smiley smiled. "We're gettin' a big stereo phonograph and color television to go in there."

"Some women machines are comin' in, too," he went on eagerly. "When I get guys here, I'll rehabilitate them by lettin' 'em sew curtains and things for their cells."

"And next year, when I get my budget allotment," he went on. "I'm going to pave in that stereophonic music in every cell. My friend works in an office in Chicago where they do that. He gave me the idea."

But will there be a next year for

Warden Jack Smiley?

ACCORDING TO the city charter, an elected official must serve out his 3-year term of office unless that term is interrupted by death or other natural disaster.

Should such interruption occur, the charter states that the officer goes to the official's next of kin.

Smiley, a bachelor, would be survived by his Labrador retriever, Muri.

City legislators are feverishly working to revise the charter so that Smiley can be ousted.

Mayor Dickie Magoon, asked by NEWS EXTRA for his comment, said:

"Should have known the darn idiot would do that. He did the same kind of thing when he ran the post."



How could a mope like this ever be named warden?

THE WATCHMAN  
**NEWS**  
LIVE



## Everybody Wants To Get in On Her Act

Officials at the Outback, Australia Women's Prison have been inundated with applications for guard jobs ever since making the uniform you see on this page the only clothing female inmates can wear. At present, men from 43 nations make up the waiting list of 43,272 names. Unfortunately, none of them probably will ever be called, since the job of prison guard is hereditary in this remote location.